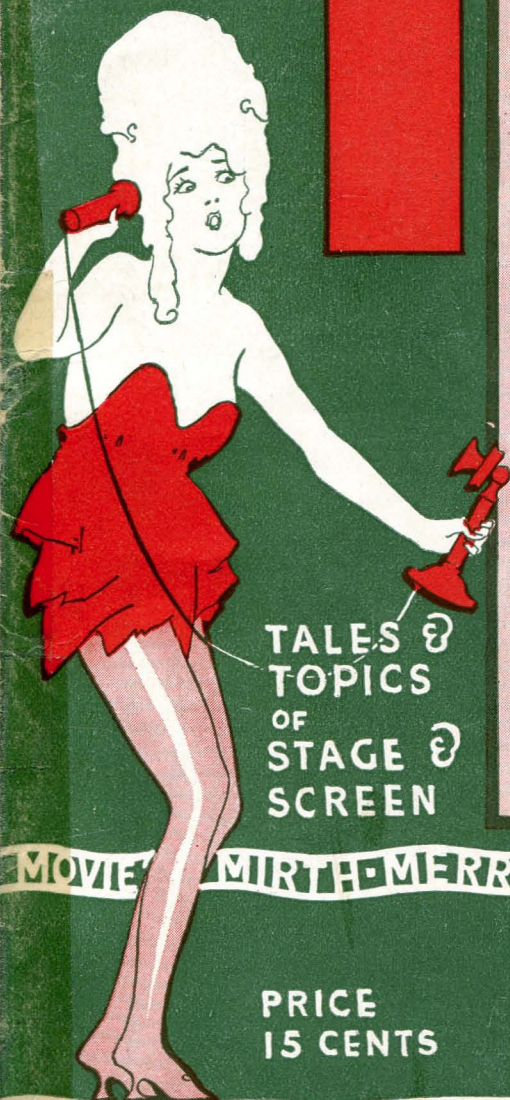


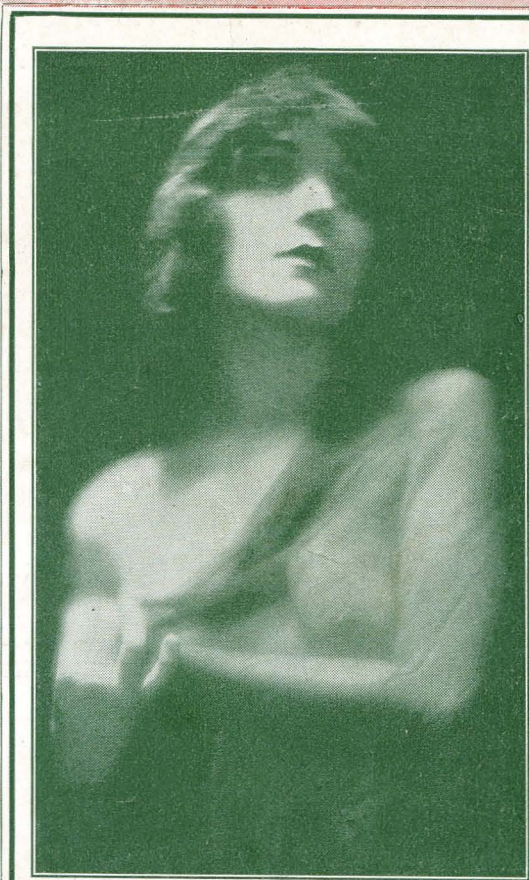
# THE TATLER

DECEMBER, 1920

FUN • FACTS •



TALES &  
TOPICS  
OF  
STAGE &  
SCREEN



BERNICE DEWEY  
IN "THE MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS"

*Photo by Old Masters*

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One Year, Anyway

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“June, I Love No One But You”

“Look What You’ve Done With  
Those Doggone Dangerous  
Eyes”

“Singin’ the Blues Until My  
Daddy Comes Home”

Songs That Would Cheer Up  
A Democrat!



**WATERSON, BERLIN AND SNYDER**

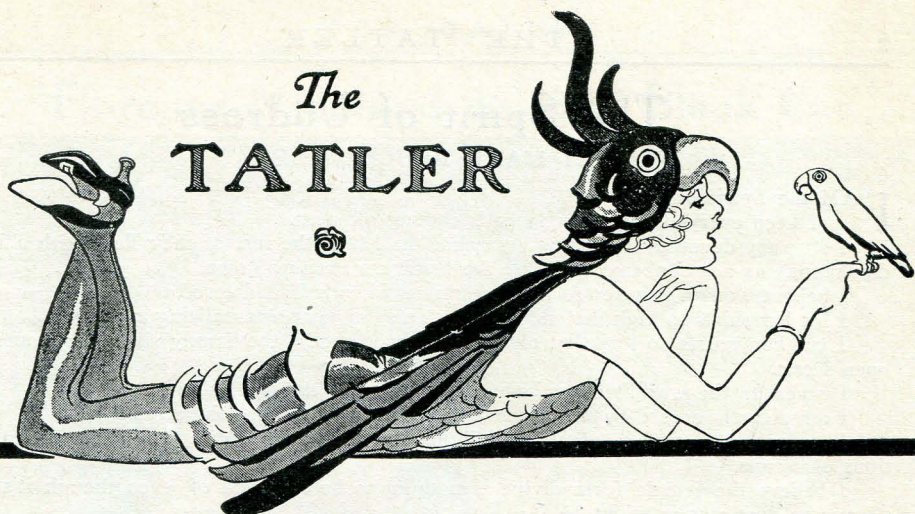
*Song Publishers*

Strand Theatre Building

Broadway and 47th Street, New York City



# The TATLER



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VOL. II

DECEMBER, 1920

NO. 11

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## Reflections of a Rounder

WHENEVER I see a chorus girl with a new Hudson seal coat, it is none of my business.

—  
A poet died the other day. There will be no legal fight over his estate.

—  
An actor's wife wanted him to get her a pair of shoes for Christmas so he compromised by getting her a button hook.

—  
A man who has nothing but money doesn't have such a tough time as some people think.

—  
Nobody knows what the boarders eat and nobody has enough nerve to try to find out.

—  
The thing to do with the subway is to dig it up and set it on top of the ground for a while to air out.

—  
A man went home with a dollar's worth of pork chops the other night and lost them out of his vest pocket.

—  
The national tune of the profiteer is: "Yank the Boodle."

—  
One way to prevent yourself from walking lop-sided is to carry half the salary in one trousers' pocket and half in the other.

—  
Among the unnecessary noises is that made by the scientist who advises us not to overeat.

—  
Signing a receipt for two tons of coal that have come in a one-ton truck also adds quite a bit of the feeling of brotherhood in this country.

—  
Fashion Note: "For your evening gown I advise you simply to buy a piece of broad silver ribbon, pass it twice around the waist and knot it at the side." Still the evenings are a bit cool now.

—  
At a Connecticut woman's marriage the other day three ex-husbands were present and the orchestra played "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."



# The Spirit of Undress

BY MARK BRUCE WILEY

I AM the Spirit of Undress.

I keep everybody guessing what's coming off next.

I strip my devotees three-quarters naked, half hide the rest of their flesh with chiffon diaphanous as a moonbeam and call the result an evening gown.

I believe woman is never so well dressed as when half undressed.

I lift her skirts so high that shapely legs are no longer a tantalizing mystery.

I cut her waists so low that about everything except the family skelton becomes an open secret.

I reveal to the world's eager gaze a wondrous multitude of shins.

I am secretly cursed by the bowlegged, the hollow chested, the scrawny.

I am openly blessed by all those millions of women who think themselves reincarnations of Venus.

I believe the female form divine is nothing to be ashamed of, even though it's not always as divine as it might be.

I don't think a woman should be forced to go on the stage in order to show off her charms.

I fill the streets with sights that keep the men craning their necks until they're lame.

I display everywhere for nothing more than you can see at a theatre for any money.

I'm the chief reason why it's a shame to be blind nowadays.

I cry defiance to pneumonia, sunburn and freckles.

I snap my fingers at modesty's blushes.

I laugh "Ha! Ha!" when the old fashioned cry: "What's the world coming to?"

I make Eve with her fig leaf seem prudish and over dressed.

I take Kipling's "rag, bone and hank of hair" literally—with very little of the rag.

I reduce the high cost of living by reducing the amount of clothing.

I make the woman who has nothing to wear right in style.

I deserve the thanks of every husband for freeing his wife's back of anything to hook up.

I delight in bare facts.

I adore the naked truth.

I revel in human flesh, rough, red and goose-pimply though it sometimes is.

I am absolutely irresistible.

I can get any woman in time, for as the poet said they're all sisters under their skins—or was it sins?

I haven't reached my limit yet, so just keep your eyes on me, the Spirit of Undress.

## Appropriate Christmas Gifts

FOR a chorus girl: Coffee and Rolls—Royce.

For a manager: The scalps of ten critics.

For Aphrodite: A good, heavy chinchilla bathrobe.

For a movie orchestra conductor: A large, powerful spotlight.

For a traffic cop: A sawed-off shotgun to use on jaywalkers.

For a press agent: One idea that has never been used. P. S.—There ain't no such animal.

For a cafe proprietor: One old-fashioned night's business.

For a movie heroine: Ten thousand electric lights and a sign to put them in.

For a musical comedy comedian: A joke that is not about prohibition.

For a grand opera manager: A prima donna without an artistic temperament.

For a cab horse: A place to lie down while waiting for a job in Broadway.

For a Broadway stroller: A continuation of the present styles in women's wear.

For an old actor: One more night in Hamlet.

One chorus girl has broken the local record. She has been living with the same mother for three seasons.



## Florence Normand As the "Black Cat"



(C) Hoppe

*An artistic pose, by Hoppe, of one of the fascinations of the "Greenwich Village Follies"*



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**Walter E. Colby**  
**Vice-President and Secretary**

WALTER E. COLBY, Editor

**William Mendelssohn**  
**Business Manager**

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# Higher Mathematics

WE can't get this liquor situation through our head.

When prohibition began, the bonded stuff was worth \$150,000,000,000.

During the past year the newspapers have been full of stories about liquor thefts, and at a rough estimate we figure that the thieves got away with about \$600,000,000,000.

Revenue agents confiscated a lot of it, and must have poured about \$858,000,-000,000 worth into the sewer.

Judging from what our friends tell us about the liquor which they put away in

their cellars, there must be at least \$357,000,000,000 worth locked up in private stock.

During the past year we have seen \$871,000,000,000 worth of it sold illegally by bars and bootleggers.

And have ourselves consumed as close to \$100,000,000,000 of it as possible.

At which rate, we figure that by the time we have had prohibition in this country about nine years longer, the liquor then on hand will be valued at somewhere near \$999,999,999,000,000,-000.000.32.

# Do You Love Your Doctor?

THE latest medical fashion is to love your doctor. Loving him is essential to a complete cure by psycho-analysis to which society women here and in London are devoting much attention. Love interest enters very largely into the treatment. The treatment is simple. The doctor and patient sit in a room where the surroundings are congenial and the patient does all the talking. The doctor merely analyzes her or his conversation.

For the women this is said to be comparatively easy. After you have fallen mildly in love with the doctor, the cure is complete.

It is more difficult for a man. Try as we may we have never been able to fall in love with a doctor. When he has handed us the particular potion that we need and has rammed a thermometer down our throat and punched us in the chest several times our feeling toward

him is akin to anything else than love and there have been times when we have longed to plant a Dempsey on the point of his jaw and have him give up our case for good.

Psycho-analysis, of course is slightly different. That is a mind treatment. Women in London, we are told, not only analyzed or tried to analyze the minds of servants. Anybody who has analyzed or tried to analyze the mind of a large husky servant who is after a larger salary, realizes how difficult this is.

The doctors' wives in London are objecting to having their husbands fallen in love with by fifteen or twenty good-looking patients every day. This of course is unreasonable.

But, regardless of the feelings of the doctor's wife, how would you like to be the doctor?



## Tessa Kosta, with a Touch of Mona Lisa



*Edward Thayer Munroe*



## In Their Stockings

- D. W. GRIFFITH—A holiday tear, specially shed by Lillian Gish.  
 Douglas Fairbanks—Autographed copy of "How to be Happy Though Mary'd."  
 Charlie Chaplin in—One dozen hand-picked pies.  
 Frank Bacon—A 99-year lease on the Gaiety Theatre.  
 Al Woods—A folding bed.  
 David Belasco—A little sunshine.  
 John Barrymore—Another pair of green tights.  
 Raymond Hitchcock—A box of throat tablets.  
 Morris Gest—Permission to stage a bacchanalia on the steps of the Capitol at Washington.

## The Tale of the Taxicab

BY ROY MOULTON

ON the street of jazz and gab stands a battered taxicab,  
 The splendor of it's by-gone days departed.  
 It had been brought into life for a wealthy banker's wife  
 And it was a handsome town-car when it started.  
 When it used to hit the breeze with no single cough nor wheeze  
 It could boast a handsome footman and a chauffeur  
 But, a victim of the times, it now stands and waits for dimes  
 And is nothing but a shabby corner loafer.

It has led a rounder's life since it left the banker's wife.  
 It has gone the pace that kills and that is certain.  
 It has seen a thousand fights as it's hung around o' nights,  
 And now it's waiting for the final curtain.  
 It has seen some weddings, too and of parties, not a few,  
 It has taken part in many celebrations.  
 It has carried jags and cranks and has helped to rob three banks  
 And has saved or ruined many reputations.

Many actors of renown it has carried through the town,  
 And the beauties of the chorus and the ballet.  
 By the stage door it has stood in the days when it was good,  
 By the old stage door we know down near the alley.  
 Through blizzards and through rains it has caught a thousand trains  
 A thousand men it's lugged home in the morning,  
 When the milkman on his beat was just jogging through the street,  
 And the rising sun the landscape was adorning.

Now it's lost it's pep and vim and it's headlights they are dim  
 And it coughs and bucks and buckles and it sneezes  
 And it hasn't got the power to hit up sixteen an hour  
 And it's poor old frame is open to the breezes.  
 It has lived a stormy life in its fifteen years of strife  
 It has witnessed scandal, gloom and mirth and joy.  
 It is silent and discreet as it stands there in the street—  
 But if that taxicab could talk—Oh Boy!

Landlord says the public must be educated up to higher rents, but a lot of people don't believe that higher education pays.

When a New York man can't think of anything else to do to while away his time, he starts a bakery lunch and puts a lot of French pastry in the window.



## The Fourth Victim of the Same Tree



*Photo by Old Masters*

*Pretty Helene Jesmer, who was in young Philip Morgan Plant's automobile party which crashed into a tree at a bad turn in the road near Pelham Bay Park. It is the fourth time this tree has figured in auto smashups. Charlie Chaplin went into it once. At last reports Miss Jesmer was doing nicely.*



## Calendar for December

- Wed. 1—Raymond Hitchcock retired from the stage, 1960, and from the aisle, 1970.
- Thu. 2—George Arliss started work on his reminiscences, 1947, to be called "The Drama as I See It—Through a Monocle."
- Fri. 3—Congress passed the twenty-eighth amendment, abolishing stage villains, and Lowell Sherman was pensioned.
- Sat. 4—Lillian Gish shed such hot tears in her new Griffith picture, 1925, that they warped the film.
- Sun. 5—A new play was produced, 1940, based on the life of Lydia Pinkham. Souvenir pills were given out at the matinee.
- Mon. 6—An actress was arrested in Chicago, 1921, for appearing in such a scanty costume. Her trunk had been delayed, and she went on in her street attire.
- Tue. 7—William Hodge acted in a play in which he did not talk through his nose, 1931.
- Wed. 8—George Cohan jumped into the title role and saved the life of a comedy in 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926.
- Thu. 9—Fred Stone, having done everything else he could think of, will be general understudy for Caruso, E. H. Sothorn, J. P. Morgan and Lloyd George, 1922.
- Fri. 10—Woodrow Wilson is considering a vaudeville engagement, 1921, billed as the League of Nations magician—"now you see it and now you don't."
- Sat. 11—The opera house in Mexico City has a private carriage entrance for each separate box, probably for a quick get-away in case of a fire or a revolution.
- Sun. 12—Classical dancers report difficulty in staging their performances, owing to a scarcity of chiffon, 1928.
- Mon. 13—Movie houses are now being built so large that a picture thrown on the screen yesterday won't be visible in the second gallery before tomorrow, 1999.
- Tue. 14—A modernized version of "Ben Hur" was shown for the first time, 1932, with airplanes substituted for the chariots.
- Wed. 15—An actor discovered who could imitate a tragedian of the old school without thrusting his hand into the front of his Prince Albert, 1951.
- Thu. 16—A tragedian of the old school discovered who never had a Prince Albert, 1953.
- Fri. 17—New York went wild about a Chicago musical show, and Chicago went wild about a New York dramatic show, 1976.
- Sat. 18—There are people now living who can remember the time when Willard Mack was a bachelor.
- Sun. 19—Only five more buying days until Christmas. Don't do your Christmas shopping surly.
- Mon. 20—Owing to the continued high prices, Shylock agreed to reduce his demand for a pound of flesh to twelve ounces, net weight.
- Tue. 21—Norma Talmadge went into the movies as soon as she left high school, which proves that there is nothing like education, if you don't get too much of it.
- Wed. 22—Pink tights were invented, 1841, and some of them have been in service ever since.
- Thu. 23—William Faversham had his eye-brows shaped, 1918, but they are bushy as ever, 1920.
- Fri. 24—Stockings will be displayed over the fireplaces and over the footlights in all parts of the country, 1920.
- Sat. 25—More poor cigars will be smoked with a smile today than at any time during the year.
- Sun. 26—Among the people who received Christmas presents worth more than five dollars, 1920, were Geraldine Farrar, Norma Talmadge and Mary Pickford.
- Mon. 27—A new magician appeared in vaudeville, 1990, who did not carry a girl in short skirts to hand him things.
- Tue. 28—A sister act became famous in vaudeville, when it was discovered that both members of the act had the same mother, 1941.
- Wed. 29—First kitchenette theatre erected, 1933, with a seating capacity of ten adults and a ninety-pound usher.
- Thu. 30—Morris Gest found the Century Theatre too small for his spectacles, 1926, so he leased the Polo Grounds and put a roof over it—or them.
- Fri. 31—Those who have bad habits to shed, prepare to shed them now.



# The Girl Who Charmed Sir Thomas

*Evelyn May Law, the charming sixteen-year-old dancer, who captivated the heart of Sir Thomas Lipton, when he was over here recently, by her dancing at a reception given at the Atlantic Yacht Club.*

*If Sir Thomas could have lifted the cup as high as—*

*But after seeing her dance Sir Thomas said he had no kick coming even if he lost the cup.*

## "BOBBED HAIR MUST GO!"

**T**HE arbiters of fashion say "bobbed hair must go."

This is bad news for Greenwich Village, but inasmuch as bad news is the only kind they ever get down there anyhow, they will survive the shock.

Bobbed hair was invented in 1234 by a Greek slave who was tired of being pulled around by her hair, and was not invented by a French actress to conceal the ravages of typhoid fever, as has been claimed. Bobbed hair put an everlasting crimp in the caveman business and there is no place to grab a perfect lady nowadays and get a good hold, the clothes being so tight, the hair so short and the beauty cream so slippery.

When a man wants to throw his wife out of a sixth story window, he can't do as the ancients did by grabbing her by the crowning glory and whirling her around his head three or four times to give her a good start. He has to pick her up in a scoop shovel or a couple of packing-box hooks and a man doesn't always have time to stop and look for those things.

But, all that is to be changed now. The hair must grow long so as to make the battle of the well-known sexes more equal.

We will return to the old days of Lady Godiva when a woman's hair fell to her knees or, if her crowning glory was some other woman's hair, as was so often the case, it fell to the floor.





# Neither Up Nor Down

## Being a Sincere Attempt to Elevate the Stage

By LISLE BELL

*Editor's Note—So far as we are aware, this is the first drama ever written in English which has eleven scenes in one act. It seemed so unusual that we thought we had better mention it. As for the other things which are wrong with it, we leave the discovery of them to the reader.*

The entire action takes place in one of the elevators of a fashionable hotel, during guest hours. Aside from a couple of mirrors and the operator, the elevator is unfurnished. At the time when the action starts, the elevator is filled with a dozen or more persons.

The characters are good, bad and indifferent—as is the case in most elevator crowds. The air is heavy with perfume.

### SCENE I.

THE elevator starts.

### SCENE II.

The elevator stops at the second floor. A man trying to get off collides with a woman trying to get on.

### SCENE III.

The elevator stops at the third floor. Two women get off together, and the rest of the passengers are deprived of further knowledge concerning what "she found out about her husband, my dear."

### SCENE IV.

The elevator stops at the fourth floor. A man gets off, carrying the sad remains of a not quite extinct corona.

### SCENE V.

The elevator goes past the fifth floor, and a dame in imitation chinchilla gives the operator a black look.

### SCENE VI.

The elevator stops at the sixth floor. A woman gets out, then changes her mind, and gets back in.

### SCENES VII, VIII, IX, AND X.

The elevator stops at the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth floors, respectively, while passengers get on or off, as they think best.

### SCENE XI.

The elevator jerks, sputters, and comes to a sudden halt, midway between the tenth and eleventh floors. The operator works the levers, but nothing happens.

Operator (*turning to the remaining passengers of which there are four*)—She's stuck.

All Four of Them—Oh!

Operator (*working the levers some more*)—Yep, she's stuck.

Child Passenger—Oh, mama, I'm afraid.

The Mother of It—Don't worry, pet. God's above us and there's always a basement to fall into.

The Man Passenger (*who wears a beard*)—Come on, young fellow. I've got a business appointment on the eleventh floor. Just crowd her up a few more inches.

Operator—She won't budge, sir.

The Other Woman Passenger (*who wears a veil*)—I think I'll get off at the tenth floor, if you don't mind.

Operator—No chance, ma'am. She won't budge, I tell you.

Child Passenger—Oh, mama, I'm afraid.

The Mother of It—Don't worry, pet. The premiums are all paid on our accident policies.

The Man—Do you think I'm going to stay cooped up here all day? Why the dickens don't you do something?

The Woman—That's what I say!

Operator—Sorry, boss.

The Man (*exploding*)—Well, of all the blank-blank outrages! I never saw such blank-blank service. What do you mean by having such blank-blank elevators? If you want to know what I think, I think blank-blank-blank—

The Woman—(*suddenly throwing her arms about his neck and sinking into his arms*)—Oh, Tom, is it really you—at last?

The Man (*amazed at first; then with great joy*)—Why, what—? Tillie! My darling Tillie! After all these years!

Operator—Say, what is this, anyhow?

The Man—It's all right, young fellow.

(Continued on page 12)



# An Unusual Picture of Kitty Gordon

(It doesn't show her back)



*Charlotte Fairchild*

*Looking as dignified as though she had never played vaudeville*



## Chief Events of the Closing Year

THE year just drawing to a close has been a great twelve-month along dear old B'way. The chief events that have transpired, without trying to give them in chronological order, have been the following:

A stranger from the West lost a roll of bills on Broadway near Times Square and got it back again.

One of the subway guards at Grand Central station learned to speak English.

A member of the Ziegfeld beauty chorus was seen walking to work. This has not happened before in nine years.

A prominent actor went on the water wagon and had a quart of old liquor that he couldn't give to anybody. He poured it in the sink.

David Warfield appeared in a play called "The Music Master."

Several men caught in a Tenderloin gambling raid were convicted.

A millionaire married a hotel manicure and they stayed married the entire year.

Somebody tried to take John McGraw home.

Fifteen thousand movie actors claimed that they spent the summer in Europe and five of them did.

Six hundred shows opened and six stayed open.

A gallery of freaks on Broadway closed on account of lack of business. It isn't necessary to go inside to see freaks.

A vaudeville actor was poisoned by taking a glass of ice-cream soda.

One of the large movie houses began furnishing patrons in the back seats with spy glasses so they can read the titles.

## A Broadway Romance

ELMER DOAKS was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa, when quite a young lad. His parents were honest, therefore poor, and were unable to give him the advantages his heart craved.

Elmer was ambitious to obtain an education. It was his one hobby.

When he was able to travel Elmer hit

*(Continued from page 10)*

This is my wife. We became separated five years ago in a shipwreck, and I hadn't been able to find a trace of her since. My poor, long-lost wife!

The Woman—I didn't know you, Tom, until you began to swear. But I always said I could recognize your profanity anywhere.

The Man—You haven't changed a bit, Tillie.

The Woman—Neither have you, Tom, except that you don't swear as loud as you used to.

The Man—That's because I've been separated from you so long, my own.

Operator—Well, kin you beat that! Hello, the juice is on! Anybody want off at the eleventh?

The Elevator Starts

as

The Curtain Falls.

the brake beams for New York and arrived in the big town all out of breath. He planned to attend a great university and, in order to do so, he got a position as a subway guard. He was so conscientious that he advanced rapidly in his profession and soon got to be conductor on a street car in which position it is possible to make money much faster than in the subway.

He worked very hard for many years and when he thought he had enough money, he quit the street car line to go to college. The constant handling of money had played havoc with his hands and he decided to spend a dollar of his hard-earned cash for a manicure. He figured that the teachers would notice his hands.

He went to a large Broadway hotel where there were nine manicures and he picked out the best looking one, a blonde named Mazie Haskell who had been born in Three Rivers, Michigan, and had also come to New York to make her fortune.

Mazie was very charming and when Elmer took the rubber off his bankroll, she looked very hungry indeed. He asked her if she would go out to dinner and she consented. Later they went to a show and, after the show, they had supper.

She married him next day and he went back to work on the street car.

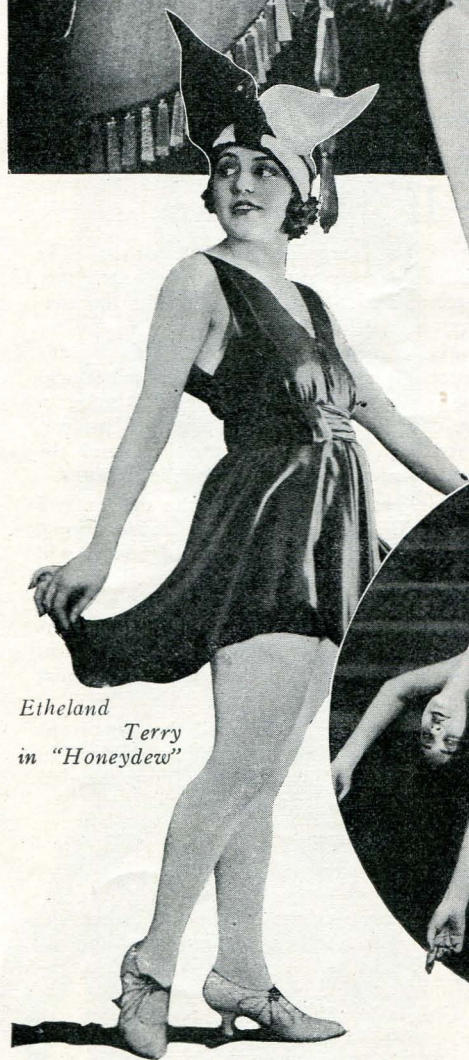
His education was complete.



# Three Broadway Attractions



*Helen Lee Worthing  
In the "Greenwich Village  
Follies"*



*Etheland Terry  
in "Honeydew"*



*Martha Lorber and  
Serge Pentikoff in "Mecca"*



## The Joy-Ride

### The Free Verse

Swift as the wings of the dove,  
 Swift as the antelope's flight,  
 Swift & Co.  
 The road is a ribbon of white,  
 The road is a gleam in the night,  
 The road is lost to the sight.  
 Onward, press onward!  
 Fleet as the panther's leap,  
 We laugh at the bearded dragon,  
 We laugh at the price of it all.  
 We speed like the wind,  
 We leap into the air,  
 To grapple with the monster,  
 And plunge into blackness  
 And nothingness.

Lo, it is morning!  
 And we are free!

### The Hard Facts

40 miles an hour.  
 50 miles an hour.

Macadamized.

Sharp turn to right.

60 miles an hour.  
 Constable.  
 \$50 and costs.

Skidding.  
 An express train.

Unconscious for twelve hours.

Six weeks later.  
 Discharged from the hospital.

## To Ban Kissing—If They Can

HELP!

The scientists are upon us.

They are going to stop kissing along Broadway.

They have joined forces recently in a battle on this ancient if dishonorable custom and believing New York to be the great kissing center of the country, this city will be the main objective of the campaign.

"Kissing is poisonous and barbarous," says one scientist. "A hundred years from now it will never be heard of."

"I have never kissed a woman in my life," says another. If we had his photograph we would probably see the reason for this at a glance.

"Kissing is dangerous," says a well-known health officer in an eastern city. It sure is. It cost a friend of ours \$25,000 one time, but somehow it didn't cure him.

It is claimed there is too much kissing in the theaters, during the dark scenes, in the subway, in Central Park, and in fact everywhere else where kissing is possible. There

has been a regular epidemic of it. The taxicab kiss is supposed to be extra perilous as taxicabs are usually none too sanitary at the best.

The screen people are said to be the worst offenders. There is too much clinching in the scenes and too much kissing in the clinches. Some time ago the ban was placed on the eight-minute kiss and the time allowance cut down to five minutes.

It is not stated whether the matter will be made the subject of a constitutional amendment and if it is what good it will do. It is not so easy to enforce the liquor amendment and in order to take a drink people have to carry something on the hip. A pretty woman can have 4,000 kisses concealed on her person and no enforcement agent could possibly know it.

In Japan they get around the dangerous custom of kissing by rubbing noses. In the South Sea Islands, they bump heads.

What will they do on Broadway?

They will keep on kissing.

A correspondent wants to know whether there are any modern apartments in heaven. We don't know but we believe there are plenty of them in another certain place—and all occupied.

Current advertisement says: "Dodge, The Undertaker." All right, we'll try to.

There was once a Broadway actor who never lied to his wife. He died a bachelor.



# If Sir Walter Raleigh Could See This

*Beautiful Dorothy Arnold contemplating her weed. It is said that smoking is becoming so effeminate that men are giving it up.*

## HAPPY THO MARRIED

AMERICAN audiences have been listening to a British lecturer on this popular problem, which goes to prove that, although we are politically separate from England, we are still matrimonially united.

W. L. George, who is over here discussing this theme, is an Englishman who (1) has written ten novels, dealing more or less with marriage, and (2) who has made a study of 150 marriages, including (3) his own. So he is certainly qualified to speak.

Furthermore, Mr. George is a feminist, which might be defined as a man who knows some things about women that they don't even know about each other.

Mr. George, in his lecture, took a hopeful view of marriage. (Mrs. George was in the audience.) The mere fact that he has been able to make a study of 150 marriages speaks volumes for the success of his own, for we can recall a number of married men who will never have one-tenth that much leisure.

"People get married," said Mr. George, "because they agree on nearly every subject, including all those which they have never discussed.

"During the engagement they agree absolutely with everything that the other says—partly because they never hear what the other says.

"If there were less chloroform, there would be fewer operations. And if there were less illusions, there would be fewer weddings.

"Marriage is a skilled trade, and to be a husband is a whole-time job.

"Not to be loved is a tragedy; to be loved is sometimes a nuisance."

At the close of the lecture the Englishman offered to answer any questions.

"How is one to recognize the maximum of love?" someone asked.

"Ah, that," said Mr. George, "that all depends upon the minimum which you've already had."



Photo by Old Masters



## The Old Actor's Christmas

I WANDER the mad Rialto  
 But nobody knows my name  
 For the shouting coon  
 And the low buffoon,  
 And the bawling jazz  
 And its squalling tune  
 Have taken my share of fame.  
 I trod the same boards with Macready,  
 With Barrett and Booth and Keane.  
 But my name o' nights  
 Is not in lights.  
 They're for the jane  
 With the gleaming tights,  
 And not for an old has-been.

A Christmas upon Old Broadway—  
 The night o' the gala throng—  
 When we'd played old Shake  
 Without a break,  
 And without a slip  
 Or a single fake—  
 The hand it was loud and long.  
 When every legit was a hero,  
 And we fought the crowds away  
 As we hurried down  
 To a place in town  
 Where the ale they had  
 Was of some renown,  
 And stayed till the break of day.

Gone from the stage forever.  
 Known to its bills no more.  
 This Christmas eve  
 I can't believe  
 Half of the sights  
 That my eyes perceive.  
 'Tis not as in days of yore.  
 Women and women and women,  
 Flappers and fawning fops,  
 In limousines  
 And town machines—  
 Stage-door Johns  
 And chorus queens—  
 The revelry never stops.

But am I at all down-hearted,  
 Are my gray hairs bowed in woe?  
 Pray, why should I,  
 An old man, sigh  
 And wipe my eye  
 As the crowd goes by?  
 Why should my head bend low?  
 For I am making more money  
 Than I ever made, I vow.  
 For I work each day  
 I am glad to say  
 In character parts  
 In my same old way.  
 Yes, I'm in the pictures, now.  
 —De Vaux Thompson.

## Christmas on the Rialto

TEN thousand congratulatory telegrams, not more than half of them sent "collect."  
 Three hundred messenger boys with vari-colored palms turned upward.  
 Twelve hundred Wall Street brokers walking discreetly over to the Fifth avenue jewelry stores.  
 Every parcel post bringing in home-made fruit cake from the old farm for chorus girls.  
 Seven hundred actors standing in Forty-ninth street bragging about their salaries.  
 A regiment of barbers smiling upon customers for the first time in a year.  
 One thousand new sets of furs seen on Broadway for the first time.  
 Two thousand old-time waiters longing for the Christmas tips that have flown.  
 Ninety-six vaudeville performers trying to think of addresses of former wives.  
 Three hundred Santa Clauses with fuzzy whiskers carrying advertising signs.  
 Eight thousand men going home from Tenth avenue with turkeys under their arms.  
 Four thousand late delivery trucks meeting at once in Times Square.  
 Ten thousand excited gentlemen standing on corners and poring over their lists.  
 And that is Christmas on dear old Broadway.

The difference between an engagement and a battle is that the engagement takes place before the marriage.

A rich man has built a bungalow on top of a tall building so he can overlook New York and it is only fair to say there is a good deal to overlook



# Smiles Mr. Volstead Can't Suppress



*Jean Gordon in  
the  
"Century Revue"*



*Justine  
Johnstone*



*Virginia Clark  
in "Jim Jam Jems"*



*Bebe Daniels*



# The Life of Lucille

(The Experiences of a Chorus Maiden in the Wicked City)

BY GUY D. MORIBUND

OLD HIRAM PURDY was visibly worried as he milked the cow that night and he pondered over his problem as he carried the milk to the house and slopped it on his boots.

"Marthy", he said to his wife who was standing over the kitchen stove frying the parsnips and sowbelly: "Marthy, it seems to me we ain't heered from our datter Lucy in some time."

"No, Hi, we ain't", said Marthy. "I reckon that opry show business she is into down there to New York ain't quite as prosperous as it might be. I do wish to land she would come home and settle down. The pore girl is probably ashamed to write. Prob'ly she is out of a job."

"Lucy used to be quite a hand at trimmin' hats, wa'ant she, Marthy?"

"Yes, she was a good trimmer."

"Well, I got an idee, Marthy. I suppose she would like to come back but hates to be a burden on us in our old age. I'll drive into Hickeyville in the morning and see Miss Pringle that runs the millinery store and see if I can't get Lucy a job there."

Miss Lucille Purdee, featured dancer of "The Banalities of 1920," was seated in the cozy drawing room of her \$25,000 apartment on the drive caressing the folds of a twelve-hundred-dollar gown which had been given her that morning and

gazing abstractedly at one of the genuine Rembrandts that hung on the wall. She was trying to decide whether to accept a contract for three years at \$3,500 a week with a picture concern.

Her second butler came in noiselessly over the thick velvet carpet and handed her a letter. Idly opening it with a diamond studded letter opener, she read:

DEAR DATTER LUCY: Of course, your maw and me know you are proud and sort of hate to write us if you are out of a job. I always told you that opry acting wouldn't pay when you took that job two years ago. I have arranged it for you to get a good job as assistant trimmer in Miss Pringle's millinery over to Hickeyville. Come right along home, if you are broke. Miss Pringle will be glad to get you as she says you might of seen some of the new styles down to New York. Answer by return mail. Your

FATHER.

Miss Purdee lighted a scented and monogrammed cigarette and tossed the letter aside to be answered by her social secretary and then she fell to considering the jobs, the one with the theatrical manager and the one with the movies.

But did she consider Miss Pringle's job? We ask you—did she?

"Trimmer," she murmured. "I am the best little trimmer in New York right now."

## JUST THINK!

PEOPLE who are in the movies actually get paid for—

- (1) Kissing Madge Kennedy.
- (2) Hugging Elaine Hammerstein.
- (3) Going motoring with Bebe Daniels.
- (4) Rescuing Priscilla Dean.
- (5) Being vamped by Clara Kimball Young.

And just think, girls, of getting real money for—

- (1) Being petted by Eugene O'Brien.
- (2) Being treated rough by Thomas Meighan.
- (3) Going motoring with Bryant Washburn.
- (4) Having Charles Ray hold your hand.
- (5) Fading out with Richard Barthelmess.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

HOW we do delight to honor the eternal feminine—even in the world of plants and flowers!

We name a fern the "maiden hair."

We name an apple the "maiden blush."

We name a flower the "lady slipper."

We name another one "black-eyed Susan."

And another one "violet."

And another one "lily."

And another one "rose."

But—

When it comes to masculine honors, what is there left to chose from?

Nothing but a funny little flower called "Dutchman's Breeches."

And a sticky green fruit, full of seeds and sweet custard, which we call—

"Paw-Paw."



## Pretty Cyrena Dahl and Her Putty Figures

*Cyrena Dahl, dainty dancer at the Shubert Theatre, has attracted much attention in art circles in this country and abroad by her exceptionally fine work in sculpturing. Here we see her as she is, also as she dances. Also two of her unique figures.*



*Photos by Charlotte Fairchild*



## Going to the Theater

"ELMER FRISBY, don't speak to me again like that. I am getting ready just as fast as I can."

"Well, if you gotta be late every time, all right. I haven't seen a first act this season."

"Can you expect any woman to do her own housework and get your dinner when you get home at half past six and then get ready for a show by 7 o'clock? You've got a nerve."

"Well, hurry up, maybe we can see a part of the show."

"I don't suppose it's worth seeing, anyhow. You never got complimentary tickets for a good one yet."

"Didn't I take you to see Ethel Barrymore?"

"Yes. Year before last. Well, I'm ready now. Have you got the key?"

"Yes."

"Well, now don't start out and run all the way to the subway. I'm no sprinter."

"I know that but shake a leg."

"Well, here we are. Now I suppose we've gotta wait fifteen minutes. There, I told you. Not a seat left. Ain't there no gentleman in this car?"

"I suppose not."

"If there was, he'd expect some lady to get up and give him her seat."

"Do you know what theatre this show is at, Elmer?"

"No, but it tells on the tickets. Oh yes, right around the corner and we're only fifteen minutes late."

"Elmer Frisby, the very idear of you getting seats in the balcony. You never did that before we were married."

"No. I didn't wear an overcoat three winters before we were married, either."

"Now don't spoil a pleasant evening by being grouchy. That lady in front of me

has got her hair done so high, I can't see the stage."

"Well, I can see it and you ain't missing much."

"Tell me when the show is out. I'm going to sleep. What's the name of the show? I'm entitled to know that much."

"I don't know. I forgot to get a program."

"What that actress saying now, Elmer?"

"How do I know? I can't hear anybody talk but you."

"You're bound to be nasty, aren't you?"

"Sure. That's the only way a bird can have a pleasant evening with his wife. Now keep still. That gentleman in front of us might want to hear a few words."

"Is the show over already, Elmer?"

"I guess so. Everybody seems to be going home."

"Where are my gloves? I've lost my gloves."

"I'll do a submarine under the seats. Here they are."

"My hat is all smashed. My goodness, just look at that hat."

"Well, come on. They're putting out the lights. How about a bite to eat?"

"Perfectly lovely but no one armed restaurant."

"Naw, I'll take you to a place where they have tables. Two stacks of wheats."

"My goodness, what a crowd in this train. We stood up all the way down, now we gotta stand up all the way up. There don't seem to be any gentlemen traveling this evening."

"Aw keep still and give the guard a chance to call the stations."

"Well, I thought we were never going to get home, but it was a pleasant evening, wasn't it, Elmer?"

"Fine. We'll go again next season."

---

The main trouble seems to be that the whole world is trying to find a substitute for work.

---

The average husband can't kiss the cook these days because it is impossible to hire a cook.

---

Little drops of wood alcohol,  
Little grains of dope,  
Cause the natty floral design,  
"Gone above—we hope."

---

Some day the general public will strike—then look out.



DAME FASHION *Presents* "CHRISTMAS CLOTHES"

## A Monster Sartorial Spectacle

By A. CREATOR

Music by S. Scissors

## ACT I

## Scene I

## STOCKING HOUR

Big stocking and half hose—fine cashmere for sports in heather colorings; grays with black clocks for the gray suede pumps; sheerest Onyx for every hour; lace insets and all lace for "her feet beneath her petticoat (that) like little mice stole in and out."

(Continued on page 22)



Don't waste your sympathy; it's not ripped. It's one of the new sleeves that just snaps to the shoulder, and of course Doris Kenyon, the A. H. Woods star, is the first to show it on her taupe pussy willow frock with girdle and underskirt of blue Indian embroidery.

Our hats are taking to aeroplaning as you may note in this Dahlia hat under the cuff brim of which Eleanor Fair of "Kismet" is peeping at you, but just how far we would get with gourah wings is a question.

It's a rather big Christmas gift for the stocking; but the Bessie Damsey under-dress of dream crepe encrusted with lace will fit in nicely. Thank you.





(Continued from page 21)

## Episode 2

Dame Fashion enters—her boudoir robe much indestructible chiffon in the royal shade of purple, shirred and draped, flowing in the lines the Greek goddesses proved flattering in Apollo's day, all veiling a cobwebby sheath of flesh colored dream crepe.

## Scene II

### SHADOWLAND

Filmy, frilly, frivolous under-dress—pale yellow and violet chiffon, flowering with violets and tea roses—orchard crepe with graduated tucks and hemstitching, the tailored type—intime robes in rain-bow shadings, gold nets and silver laces—reasons ad infinitum why in-dooring is such a popular winter sport.

## Scene III

### CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

(To be indulged in by all)

A trig tailleur—velours de laine by preference, brown braided in black and white, with swinging cape—short of skirt and boasting a yoke switched to the back and supporting a circular shaped apron tunic with a come-hither air.

The hat—soft with brim gay with the old timey cross-stitch of sampler charm in dull blues and roses—a bag to match—a Christmas gift in itself.

### INTERMISSION

### DINNER FOR TWO

Again the lights casting their golden glow over the flesh tints alluringly veiled in black lace. The frock—black satin, long of waist with sleeves of the sheer lace—a skirt of American Beauty velvet veiled in net glistening like a Christmas tree with gold and crystal beads, the bandings a continuation of those starting their career at the shoulders.

## Scene 2

### THE OPERA

All eyes riveted on the blonde in white velvet in straight classic lines—applique panel effect from décolletage to rounded hem, the pastel colorings thrown into relief by much beading, silhouetted against a dolman of violet velvet brocaded in clover blossoms, the sumptuous collar of gray fox almost concealing the enameled face, and lined in shaded crepe.

## Scene 3

### THE HOUR OF THE DANCE

A bouffant skirt of silver lace, ringed

in French flowers, a shirred frilling of faded rose faille, much more bouffant, as if to make up for the scantiness of the corsage, two points of the faille held by a chain of jet—that's all, but how it can dance away with its wearer.

## Scene 4

### BONNE NUIT

The feminized version, all silk and lace and flowers and everything, with a jacket as far removed from the masculine edition as it is possible to make it, of chiffon.

### LUNCHEON AT THE RITZ

The one-piece gown—duvetyn—inset with plaits at the sides or panels, some free, others married to the rolled hem—a swathing girdle sounding in its embroidery the color note—bodice plain, extending into an ear-reaching collar—sleeves with a bell flare—a cape-jacket of moleskin—a turban shaggy with ostrich as the pet poodle.

## ACT II

## Scene 1

### TEMPTING CHANCE

Playing a lone hand in a frock of pussy willow crepe meteor—the lustrous sheen of one side contrasted with the dull crepiness of the reverse. A clinging skirt with knowing tunic, broadly girdled, one end trailing past the irregular skirt hem—shades of the dressmakers who staked their reputations on the hang of the skirt—almost to the floor. Bodice with boat-shape neck line and generous sleeves of kimono outline, sparkling with paillettes as if to tempt the sash to glisten its brightest.

## Scene 2

### TEA HOUR

Music in the distance mingling with the hum of many voices, the soft lights shedding a rose hued light over pretty women, cleverly costumed. Dame Fashion in her happiest mood, scintillating in a black velvet three-piece costume, the chosen of Paris. Skirt, short and wrapped around the figure to display a generous view of the sheer stockings; coat long with a slight tendency to circularize in the peplum section, buttoning close to the figure straight up to the high, choker collar lost under the muffler cape-collar of krimmer. More of this krimmer marking the great pockets and deep cuffs of the bell-flaring sleeves. High turban of squirrel gray brush felt, devoid of trimming but clouded in an all-over embroidery veil in the same dove-like shade.



## Sibylla Bowman In "Mary"





# Three Girls Wanted To Appear In Movies!

*with the Universal Film Co.*

**B**E one of the three girls who will enjoy a luxurious trip across the United States with a contract to appear in Universal Pictures at a handsome salary when you reach Los Angeles.

*Do you want to be?*

Then write today to the Contest Editor of Dramatic Mirror for full details of this most unusual contest which is open to all girls.

Particularly should this contest appeal to the girl who has already had some experience in theatricals as she undoubtedly realizes how hard it is to secure a contract with one of the leading producing companies.

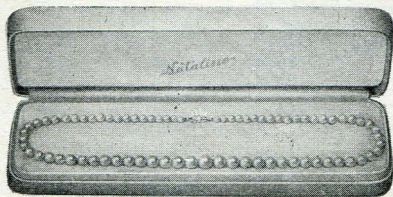
Not only will the three with highest honors receive prizes but the unique conditions and easy terms of the con-

test practically assures every girl of a worth while prize. Beautiful indestructible Nataline Pearls worth from \$25.00 to \$85.00 the strand can be won with little effort by every girl who enters this contest. Ask your jeweler to show you a strand of the "Milo" quality, genuine Nataline Indestructible Pearls so that you may see for yourself that the pearls are the kind you have always wished for.

Other big movie stars have entered stardom through an opportunity such as this? Why not you?

## **These Beautiful Nataline Pearls**

Every girl will have the opportunity of winning a strand of these wonderful pearls with only a slight effort. Ask a jeweler to show you this prize.



**MILO**

This quality of Nataline Pearls, known as the Milo, is an exact duplicate of the genuine worth thousands of dollars. Its regular value is \$25.00 in any retail jewelry store. **AND— This is the Least Valuable Prize We Offer**

**— Use This Coupon To-day! —**

**Contest Editor — Dramatic Mirror**  
133 West 44th Street, New York

Please send me full particulars about your screen contest without obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....



# Dorothy Dale's Career

By ROY K. MOULTON

*BEING the final chapter of the experiences of a pretty, young girl from a Michigan lumbering town who came to New York to make herself a career as a motion picture actress. After many vicissitudes she drifted into the chorus of a musical show on Broadway and soon won recognition as a dancer. Her childhood's sweetheart, Bob Whitely, arrives in New York and attempts to lead her from her life among the white lights but without success. Margot Dupre, a chorus-girl friend of Dorothy's, and her friend Pat Maloney a detective, have figured largely in the experience of the young pair in the big city.*

## CHAPTER IX.

IT was the day after his wild taxicab ride to the home of Henley that Bob had arranged to meet Pat Maloney the detective and go to the apartment of Margot Dupre. It was Bob's intention to marry Dorothy that day.

He had confided as much to Pat on the way back to the city in the taxicab of Charlie. The troubles in which the young lady had succeeded in involving herself had reached what Bob termed the limit.

"Don't be in a hurry," advised Pat. "Let her have her head. If she's willing to marry ye, all right, but don't force the issue. If you do, you lose. Now, take it from me, that's the truth."

"Well, you'll go around to the apartment with me, won't you?"

"Sure. Why not? I would like to get a look at me frind Margot. I'll bet those two girls cried all night worrying about us."

"I wish I could believe that."

"Well, they did but they'll never admit it, you can bet your last nickle on that, me bye."

They agreed to meet at noon and they did so. They reached Margot's apartment a few minutes later and were surprised to find a sign "To Let" on the door.

They questioned the janitor and he told them the two girls had moved out suddenly that morning and he didn't know where.

"Ha, it's a trick," said Pat. "It's a trick of Margot's, the rid-hidded divvle. She is figuring that if she can keep Dorothy away from you for a week or so longer, Dorothy will be ready to give up—and she is right."

"She'll not keep her away a week if I can find her."

"It's dollars to doughnuts you won't find her."

"But you can. You're a detective."

"Not enough of a detective to find Margot if she hides herself in this town."

"They're not hiding in New York," interrupted the janitor.

"How so?"

"It's my guess that they joined a road-show that was leaving town this noon. Now, I don't know the name of the show or anything about it, but I caught a few words they were saying over the telephone and that's what I guess."

"But what's the game?" demanded Bob.

"Margot is trying to get Dorothy real homesick for you. Last night Dorothy was hysterical and didn't know what she wanted. If she should see you today after what happened out at Henley's the whole thing might go fluke."

"Well, Mr. Detective, what's to do? I take it you are about as anxious to see Margot as I am to see Dorothy."

"You are taking a great deal for granted, but, confidentially, it's the truth. The first thing to do, in my opinion, is to go over to the Apollo where the girls have been playin'. This is matinee day and some of their side-kicks will be around. Maybe they can slip us some information."

They went to the stage-door of the Apollo and Pat had little trouble in getting by. On the stage he met several of the girls whom he knew.

He immediately asked for Margot and Dorothy.

The first girl he asked, told him that the two girls had decided to leave New York for awhile and had joined a road company which had left town that noon.

"You don't happen to know where they are opening?" asked Pat. "It is quite important to know whether it is Syracuse, New York or Deadwood, North Dakota."

"Listen, Pat," said the girl. "Margot warned me not to tell you if you came

(Continued on next page)



## DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

*(Continued from page 25)*

around here, but they are opening in Springfield."

"Massachusetts, Ohio, Missouri or Illinois?" asked Pat.

"Massachusetts, of course."

Pat looked at his watch.

"There is a train about 4 o'clock," he said, "and if you catch that train you can see a first night performance in Springfield—a treat that is given to very few people."

"You are going too, of course."

"Well, now that you ask me, I might take the trip. I have always wanted to see Springfield."

They got a train at Grand Central about 4 o'clock and settled themselves comfortably in the smoker for the trip. Both felt that they were approaching the end of their quest, the long weeks they had spent together in their effort to marry two elusive young women.

Weeks before Pat had received a sort of mind message from Margot to the effect that she had about given up the idea of marrying the young cub from Park avenue, and as the train neared Springfield, Pat puffed away at his cigar contentedly and remarked that it would be a fine thing to take the two girls to The Kimball to dinner and then try to inveigle them back to New York. Bob agreed unanimously.

Upon arriving in Springfield, the first thing they did was to take a taxicab for the Court Theater.

They went to the stage door and Pat woke up a sleepy looking party who was sitting just inside.

"Where is the company that opens here tonight?" he demanded.

"Haven't heard of any such company. No company opens here tonight. There won't be a show here for another week and that's the truth."

"Bunked."

Pat shouted it and he didn't care who heard him.

"That red-head has bunked us for fair, do you realize that?"

"How so? Maybe we got the wrong theater."

"No—nothing like that. She has clean out-generated us. She is determined to keep that girl away from you for a few days, so she circulates the report around the Apollo in New York that they are joining a road company, knowing that we would be around there looking for them.

The girl we talked to in the theater was innocent. Bunked. Me, a detective—bunked by a chorus girl. Well, I'll be—But, me bye, she's the smooth article. And here I was figuring we might all get married tonight."

"Then they never left New York."

"Of course not. She just sent us off here on this little trip to show us what she could do with us if she wanted to. It's a good thing she didn't say Los Angeles or Winnipeg or we would be on our way there at this moment. She gave us a cheap trip, anyhow, I'll say that. And we can get back to town tonight and when I get there, I'll find her—or them—and when I find her, she marches to the church with the handsome officer."

The trip back to New York was not as pleasant as the trip out. Very few words were spoken but a lot of tobacco was burned up in a very fierce and energetic manner.

The search for the two girls became almost a house-to-house canvass in the downtown apartment house district. The two men worked night and day, Pat getting a furlough from the force. He called in on the case a dozen henchmen who had worked for him before and none was more active than Charlie, the taxicab driver.

There were veiled hints reaching them constantly that they had been within sight of their quarry many times. In fact Pat got a note at the station house one evening to the effect that Margot and Dorothy had dined in the same room with him that night, the note ending: "You're a warm detective. I don't believe you could discover a tanning factory in a five-acre lot. And you want to marry me. Why, how do you get that way?"

Pat was stirred to a frenzy of action by this note. His pride was at stake and he engaged every man and woman he knew to take part in the search but the clever girl continued to elude him.

Bob was growing frantic over the strange actions of the two girls and the suspicion grew in his mind that they were really trying to get away permanently. Pat promptly vetoed this.

"If I find that girl, she'll marry me", he said. "And that's what it is all about. She's trying to kill two birds with one stone. She's trying me out and she's trying to make Dorothy a little more anxious to see you. Can you imagine a man trying to fool a wife like that?"

*(Continued on page 28)*



## The Old and the New



*Dogmar Godowsky,  
Universal Star*

*Styles change. They used to wear 'em long, as shown in the upper picture. Now they wear 'em short. The lower picture illustrates the height of women's skirts next season. As Roy Moulton says, men don't like to go to burlesque shows nowadays, they miss so much by going in off the street.*



*Peggy  
Matthews*



## DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

*(Continued from page 26)*

The climax of Pat's difficulty came one evening when he and Bob were sitting in Hector's partaking of a light lunch and waiting for news. For on that evening Pat beheld a vision.

"Look, look—up in the balcony," he exclaimed clutching Bob's arm excitedly. "Do you see what I do?"

Bob gasped for he beheld the unmistakable red head of Margot and the blonde one of Dorothy. The girls had just risen from a table and were pulling on their gloves preparatory to leaving. Margot looked at Pat a long moment, then smiled and waved her hand languidly.

Pat sprang to his feet and hurried toward the balcony stairs but when he arrived, the girls had gone—dissolved into thin air. They had accomplished this by merely going down the fire escape—which was a broad stairway of steel leading to the street. By the time Pat had decided how they had escaped and had reached the fire escape, they were gone.

A week later Pat, discouraged and about ready to give up the chase, received a telegram at the station house that made him sit up and take notice. He found Bob and showed it to him. It read:

*"Sherman House, Chicago. Bring Bob."*

MARGOT.

"Another fake," declared Bob.

"No, I don't think so. I think she's on the square this time. She's taken Dorothy away out there and Dorothy has suddenly made up her mind she's too far away from you. That's the psychology of it."

"Well, I might as well go along but I know it's a fake."

The twenty-two hour trip to Chicago was one of the most tedious Pat had ever taken because he was not sure down in his own soul that the girls were there. And he more than half expected to find a telegram waiting for him there telling him the girls were in Seattle. He puzzled his brain over Margot's queer action for by this time he was convinced that there was something behind it all.

He commandeered the first taxicab he could find at the Illinois Central depot and made the Sherman House in an incredibly short time.

He immediately asked the clerk for Miss Dupre and Miss Dale.

"No one here by those names," said the clerk.

"I told you," sneered Bob. "Now

where do we go, San Francisco?"

"Are you sure?" asked Pat of the clerk. He showed his shield.

"Oh, I see. You are the detective chap," said the clerk.

"Sure enough."

"One moment please." He picked up his desk phone and called a number.

"The two ladies will meet you in the grill in five minutes."

A look of calm, sweet content came over the face of Pat Maloney and he poked Bob in the ribs and said: "Now will you believe I am a great detective?"

They went into the grill and Margot came in alone. She greeted them effusively and in reply to Bob's question she said Dorothy was on the mezzanine floor and he had better run up there. Bob did not wait for the elevator, but took the stairs three at a time.

"And now, me red-headed beauty," said Pat, "what's it all about?"

"Henley," said Margot. "The next morning after Bob had been out at his house looking for revenge, Henley sent word to my apartment that he was coming for Dorothy and that he meant to take her with him. That's when we ducked."

"Well, I'll be ———. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, I was thinkin' I would try your detective ability a little at the same time. You have always been telling me what a fine detective you were. I thought here was a good chance for you to prove it. If I have got to marry a detective, I want to marry a good one. Gawd knows I'm deserving of better, Pat."

"And I didn't make good, did I, Margot?"

"Sure you did, Pat, darlin'. You made good by coming away out here."

And upstairs Bob was saying to Dorothy: "We'll have a little apartment up in Washington Heights. I'm making enough now. Does that sound good to you, dear?"

"It certainly sounds better than anything I ever heard before, Bob. And one thing more——"

"Yes."

"You remember that career I used to talk about—that I used to have my mind set on."

"Yes."

"Well, that's all over. I want to stay home and cook."

THE END.



## Tattle Tale, Tattle Tale

*By Old Mme. le Tatler, who knows all, sees all. She has no sense of humor but a great sense of rumor*

A FRENCH ship has docked, bringing the latest styles for Broadway for the Winter and Spring. I have been privileged to see them. The skirts this Winter will be . . . (deleted by censor) The stockings will be . . . (deleted) . . . to match the skirts. The shorter the skirts, the longer the stockings. It will be a poor season on Broadway for those who are near-sighted. Women's gowns will be lower in the back but higher in the price. The backbone of our nation will be exposed.

Was not Shakespeare speaking of some Broadway actor when he said: "He is a fellow of infinite chest." If he had been speaking of a well-known press-agent he would have said: "He is a fellow of infinite vest."

What are we coming to, I ask you?

The other evening, at the theatre, I saw a woman and what do you think she was doing? She was smoking a cigarette. And she left her husband in the seat while she went down stairs to smoke.

They tell me this is quite a common occurrence.

New York is getting to be a very wicked city. It is terrible and the police should do something about it. I proved it the other evening in an hour's walk. Here are some of the vicious things I saw:

An old man and his wife sitting in their front parlor playing checkers. A game of chance.

A man taking five children to the movies. Think of the pernicious influence upon the young minds.

A young man and his sweetheart sitting right on top of a bus and holding hands and gazing at the moon. Scandalous.

Three men drinking soda water in a store right in full view of those who were passing by.

A street piano playing a riotous tune and a circle of children dancing around it.

A young man buying a cigar in a cigar store, brazenly and apparent glorying in his wickedness.

A young man and his girl sitting on the steps of a church and gazing at each other rapturously.

Sixty theatres filling up with people.

Really New York is wicked. The police seem to be blind to the goings on. It is time for the reformers to rouse themselves and get busy.



Lilymae Wilkinson—Pathe Star



## Hitchy Koo and Huntley, Too

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK was introduced at a luncheon of the Dutch Treat Club the other day as "the founder of the Drama League."



(c) Hoppe

*We asked Raymond Hitchcock, the Hitchy of Hitchy Koo, to pose for a picture, the title of which was to be "Happy New Year." What's the use, says Hitchy.*

According to a bulletin from the hospital, it is feared that the League will never recover from the shock.

The only difference between Ray Hitchcock off the stage and on is that his forelock doesn't play quite as conspicuous a role off the stage. Those who are unaccustomed to public speaking, and would like a few ideas as to what one may wear

while so doing, are welcome to the following information regarding Hitchy's luncheon attire:

Suit—Dark, double-breasted, ultra-form-fitting.

Trousers—Razor-crease.

Shirt—Alternating stripes of royal purple and creme de la creme.

Collar—Soft, and to match.

Vest—Double-breasted, high cut; fawn shade.

Scarf—Neat, not gaudy.

Spats and other trimmings in keeping.

Rupert Hughes presided at the meeting, and the first speaker was G. P. Huntley, the English comedian. Huntley was under the impression that Hughes was an Englishman.

"No," explained Rupert, "it's neuralgia that makes me talk that way."

Huntley steered the discussion onto the subject of English and American humor, and Hitchcock followed him by giving samples of both.

"Do you know," said Hitchy, "that I can make use of a much wider vocabulary while I'm talking here than I can on the stage? A comedian on the stage has to appeal to a common average of mortals.

"The man in the theatre is compelled to address an audience which recognizes a vocabulary of about 500 words," he continued. "Included in that vocabulary are the words mama, papa, kiss, taxi, and adenoids.

"We can't say 'adenoids,' however, because people are paying three and four dollars for their seats, and they can hear about adenoids in the cheaper theatres.

"And we can't use such words as 'd——' and 'h——,' because those words are sacred for use in the home. So you can see just what a limited vocabulary the stage comedian has to choose from."

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A strange thing happened the other day. A rich man died and his will left every cent to his family.

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The pajama trade must be booming. People just seem to be determined to be shot in them.

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Checks will be quite popular this fall, in chorus girl circles.

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Every man has believed, at some time in his life, that he could get the right telephone number.



## A Cook's Tour of Broadway

**MECCA**—Dissolve an Arabian Nights story in plenty of scenery; flavor with incense and a dash of camels; mix with plenty of dancers in a pagan stew, and pour the contents down a flight of steps.

**ENTER MADAME**—To a grand opera temperament add a pinch of domestic revolt; flavor with garlic and scraps of romance, and serve with an Italian sauce.

**THREE LIVE GHOSTS**—Remove the service uniforms from three soldiers, and bring to the Cockney boiling point; add a couple of detectives, and set aside to cool.

**BLUE BONNET**—To a half-portion of Ernest Truex, add a weak solution of cow-punching and a couple of withered females; stir with an old-fashioned villain.

**BAB**—Multiply a pert miss by a couple of suitors; let simmer over a domestic fire, and serve with a garnish of side-remarks by father.

**JIM JAM JEMS**—Take a musical comedy and throw away the plot; spice with chorus girls, and cut into vaudeville

layers, with syncopating icing.

**THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD**—Stir a cupful of George Cohan into a quart of rural comedy; add a dash of "The Fortune Hunter," and cook over a sure fire. When ready to serve, let George do it.

**THE GOLD DIGGERS**—Separate several men from their money; add a dash of Ziegfeld and a pinch of hokum; flavor with chorus girls, and let simmer under Belasco lighting.

**LIGHTNIN'** Put Frank Bacon over a slow fire; garnish with the divorce question, and serve year after year.

**SCANDALS OF 1920**—Cover the exposed portions of a large number of chorus girls with fresh paint; throw in a handful of laughs, and serve with scenery.

**THE CAVE GIRL**—Strip a bunch of millionaires of the comforts of civilization; bring them to the boiling point in the woods of Maine, and serve with back-to-nature sauce.



*Doesn't Mildred Davis,  
Harold Lloyd's leading lady,  
look like a soft, fluffy rose?*

## Guyed to Grand Opera

**IMPRESARIO**—The man with a foreign accent and a Van Dyke beard who spends half his time paying salaries and the rest of his time separating hairpulling sopranos who don't like each other.

**STANDING ROOM**—A position reserved for persons who care more for music than they do for their corns.

**STANDING ROOM** (preferred)—A position close enough to the \$7 seats so that you can reach over and pat a decolette dowager on the shoulder, if you are inclined that way.

**TENOR**—A male singer who can't reduce his waistline and who won't reduce his voice.

**SOPRANO**—A lady who opens her mouth like a fish and sings like a whale.

**DIAMOND HORSE-SHOE**—A place where the ultra-rich sit while digesting their dinner.

**FAMILY CIRCLE**—A position near heaven occupied by people with muscular hands.

**BRAVO**—What people shout when they are too excited to be sensible.

**BUNKO**—What people say who wish they had gone to the Winter Garden instead.



# Unguarded Moments with Celebrities

I—Cosmo Hamilton

By LISLE BELL

“WHY is it that when the movies want to tell a story about a ruined lady, they usually start out by showing her as a little girl in a sunbonnet, playing in a field of daisies?”

Cosmo Hamilton, English novelist and playwright and specialist on the feminine heart, asked this question and then proceeded to answer it as a specialist on the feminine heart ought to.

“You’d really think, you know,” he continued in an English accent, which is as neatly clipped as his English moustache, “you’d really think that there must be something about a field of daisies which makes a girl liable to be ruined, just as there’s something about a sprig of mistletoe which makes her liable to be kissed.

“But it’s not that at all. It’s simply that the movies, instead of approaching the human heart from the inside, try to approach it from the landscape. They’ve got this jolly tiresome habit of beginning too far back, like a chap who wants to jump a ditch, and begins to run so far off that he’s out of breath when it comes time to jump. The movies get out of breath before they get to the climax. And as for the people who go to see them, if they’re not out of breath, they’re probably out of patience—and maybe half-asleep.”

Cosmo Hamilton is tall, keen-eyed, handsome and faultlessly groomed. He is the type of Englishman who looks quite as capable of fluttering a feminine heart as he is of writing about one. He doesn’t impress one as an individual who would go out and collect hearts as “specimens,” however. As the author of “Scandal,” “The Blindness of Virtue,” and numerous other successes, he fulfills one’s idea of a scientific heart prober.

“Adam and Eve were wise enough to bite into the apple,” Hamilton went on, after lighting a cigarette in a long black holder. “Well, you might regard a movie plot as an apple. Now, why not bite into it, instead of just peeling it and peeling it, until by the time you reach the core—the heart of the story—you discover that you already have 6,000 feet of peel, so you have to stop.

“The movies ought to get down to what you Americans call the brass tacks of the story. That’s what I am trying to do in my scenario writing for the Famous Players. Folks ought to get either a good laugh or a

good cry out of every picture they see. A picture ought to give their emotions a good shaking up, and not permit them to sit for an hour and a half, more or less doped with music and lights and other odds and ends.

“As for the sex pictures, so-called, most of them are so untrue to life and common-sense that they defeat their own ends. I don’t think even a child is fooled by them. Some people are concerned about the effects of such pictures on young people, but I think the danger, as Mark Twain said about the report of his own death, is greatly exaggerated.

“What I do believe, in a nutshell, is that we want photoplays—not movies. In other words, treat the pictures as we treat drama. Let’s concentrate on genuine emotion, and not bother so much with unimportant action. People in the movies are too much like people at tea parties—they’re always just leaving. Nobody ever seems to sit down, unless he is about to have a heart attack. Some one’s always opening a door, or looking in a window. They never go from one place to another without being seen going out, and down the steps, and into a motorcar, and out of the motorcar, and up the steps and through another door. Why, in heaven’s name, shouldn’t people on the screen act as if they were going to stay a little while?

“All I’ve tried to do,” he affirmed, with a gesture, “is to stop peeling the apple—and get down to the core of the story. It may not be technique, but then whoever heard of a heart throb in technique?”

## THINGS WE’LL NEVER SEE

A Follies girl in cotton stockings.

A Prohibition party candidate in the White House.

A round peg in a square hole.

A pretty girl on a sight-seeing bus.

Eva Tanguay in the Drama League.

Charlie Chaplin in “Hamlet.”

Douglas Fairbanks in the poorhouse.

The Goddess of Liberty turn around.

A waiter refuse a tip.

A Californian who doesn’t boast about the climate.

An inexpensive raincoat that sheds water.

A perfect home-brew.

The millennium.



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